

The COUNTRY JOURNAL: OR, THE CRAFTSMAN.

No. 276.

By CALEB D'ANVERS, of GRAY'S-INN, Esq.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1731.

To CALEB D'ANVERS, Esq.

SIR,



OME Time ago I wrote to you from the Country, and sent up several *Queries* concerning our publick Transactions and Negotiations: in Hopes, at least, that if you were not able to satisfy us your self, They might have produced some Answers from the *ministerial Writers*; which, as They are known to come from Authority, would set us quite easy at this Distance and enable us, over our Coffee, to make an handsome Figure in a Debate with Those, (I assure you there are many amongst us) who tell us strange Things of the Administration.

But instead of finding any Manner of Satisfaction to my Questions, as you and every Body must have observed, their Answers have been of the oddest Kind that ever were given.—When I ask'd why the *Spaniards* continued to rob and maltreat our Merchants in the *West-Indies*; Sir, says Mr. Osborne, I would have you to know that *We are the freest and the happiest People in Europe*.—Ay, says Squire Walsingham, and you are a *Rogue and a Jacobite*.—When I would be informed whether the *Forts rais'd about Gibraltar* will be of any Use to the *Spaniards*, in carrying on a new Siege, or enable them to annoy our Ships in the Bay; Mr. Osborne lays his Hand upon his Heart and declares He does not believe that there ever was a more upright Administration; and Mr. Walsingham replies, with his usual Politicness, Sirrah, you are a *Scoundrel and an incendiary*.—When you talk of *Forage and Bank Contrabands* and offer Them as Evidence; as Facts upon Record; Mr. Osborne is of Opinion that you are stirring up the People to Sedition; and the other Squire says you are a *Liar and a Black-bell*.—If We desire to know whether *Don Carlos* is to go this Year to *Italy* or not, and what Advantage his Introduction there will be of to *Great Britain*, if it should be effectuated; Sir, says Osborne, *We may depend upon it that so good a Measure will do the best for us*; and Walsingham swears, in *verba Magistri*, that all Things will be set to Rights at last, whether the Design of the Expedition should succeed or not.—In short, whatever Questions We ask, the same Kind of Answers are return'd and constantly reiterated upon us, with an insolent Air of Triumph and Desfiance.—Now We, Sir, who live at a Distance, can only stare at one another; and, not being at all convinced by this new Method of Reasoning amongst *political Disputants*, would willingly know the Reason of it. It cannot surely be for Want of better Arguments. It cannot be for Want of Wit, or Words, or a Talent at Raillery. Does it proceed then from some particular Orders, which these *Troops* have received to fight only with such Weapons? Or do They know no better Discipline? If They expected to do their *Patron's* Cause any Service, it hath had a quite contrary Effect amongst us; and though Mr. Osborne and the other, well-bred Squire visit us gratis and court us to peruse them without any Expence, it is very seldom that the *Supervisor* here, who is order'd to read them to us, can get through a Paper without finding his Audience very much inclined to doze, or to criticize. Yet when I have taken up a Paper, I always find Mr. Walsingham very gracious to Himself.—The Adversary, says He, hath felt me. I have confounded, defeated and utterly overthrown this *Goliath* of a *Craftsman*. Yonder He lies sprawling in the Dust, and gasping for Life. Mark! How He grins, and gnashes his Teeth in the Agonies of Death!—At other Times, He drops his Allegory, and condescends to tell us, in plain English, that nobody reads you; or hath an Opinion of your Writings, which are already grown a near Drug about Town; whereas I, quoth He, have written my self into Reputation, and if you will but come to C—t, you shall see what a Man of Importance I am grown.—Then as to my Patron, He is certainly the wisest, the honestest and the most upright Man that ever lived in the World. He hath no Fault. He is *seventeen Generations* old, and is above Fate and Fortune.—Your Friend, Mr. D'Anvers, is dull, heavy and phlegmatick, without Wit, Eloquence, good Nature, or good Sense; and if He had been bred an *Attorney*, 's I was. He would have been an *Attorney* still!—In this very modest Style He goes on, from Week to Week, and congratulates Himself upon imaginary Victories.—This same courtly Squire hath like-

wise another artful Method of Writing; for his *Honesty* is equal to his *Manners*. If you take the common Privilege of an *Englishman* in censuring the Conduct of his *Patron*, He immediately falls foul on the *Gentleman*, whom He supposes to be yours, and treats as the Author or Director of every Paper publish'd in the *Craftsman*; yet He is always very angry, when you attack his *Patron* in the same Manner, as the Director of his Writings, though all the World knows that They are spread through the Kingdom by his Authority.—If you charge and prove a Fact, of publick Concern, upon his Friend, He presently forges one, of a private Nature, upon yours, and very honestly suggests, when He cannot prove. Nays, He hath even had the Insolence to prostitute the royal Name in his dirty Service, and to insult upon Points, which cannot be answered, or cleared up, without a direct Appeal to Majesty itself.

But These, Mr. D'Anvers, are only Peccadilloes in the Conduct of this Writer, and hardly deserve our Notice.—Let Him go on in Opposition to Truth and common Sense.—Let Him continue to earn his Bread by slavish Adulation and Scandal.—Let Him defame the Living, if He can. His Words will always recoil on Himself.—But let Him not impudently rake up the Ashes of the Dead, even whilst They are yet hardly cold in the Earth.—Let Him not presume to vilify, with his prophane Scurrility, the Character of a *Gentleman*, who is now no more, but whose Name will always deserve to be mentioned with Reverence and Regard, as long as Wisdom and Integrity of Heart shall be thought useful and laudable Virtues; a *Gentleman*, whose whole Conduct, both in publick and private Life, was so Praise-worthy and even amiable, that nothing but the vilest Arts of Power could have ever created Him one personal Enemy in the World; a *Gentleman*, whose Memory will be as dear to his Country, as his Life was valuable; and whose Loss, I fear, will be as much felt, as it is lamented by Her. I cannot therefore without Indignation behold such a profligate Writer as Walsingham, who hath rais'd up the Ghost of this *Gentleman* in his own vicious Imagination; and because He frequently and with Force oppos'd all those Measures, which He apprehended to be prejudicial to his Country, hath modestly made Him appear to retract his former Sentiments; to confess that the whole Tenor of his Life was base and wicked; and caused Him to utter an Heap of Ribaldry and Lies, unworthy a Man of Honour, a *Gentleman*, and a Christian.—This He calls the Speech of a departed Patriot.—If I could allow myself to be ludicrous upon such an Occasion, or thought it sufficient to treat the Author of this Piece with the Contempt, which He usually deserves, I might compare Him to that pert abusive Coxcomb in the *Plain Dealer*, who rather than not rail, will rail at the Dead, whom none speak ill of; and rather than not flatter, will flatter Those, whom nobody else will flatter.—But I own, this shocking Piece of Immorality affected me very much, as I believe it will every *Gentleman* in England, whose Head and Heart are not as bad as this Writer's; and I hope, for the Sake of common Humanity, that there are but few such.—It is like a Wretch's entering a Temple, to utter Blasphemy.—It is the most sacrilegious Way of breaking open Tombs and robbing the Dead.—It is one of the low, paltry Artifices of *Papish Bigots*, who will not allow any Man to die peaceably and with a good Conscience, out of their own wicked and corrupt Communion.

I know not what his *Patron* may think, or how far He may be pleas'd with this Performance; but I know what all Mankind must think of Him for giving such a *Miserant* any Encouragement. I assure you, Sir, We do here look upon this Walsingham, not only as a little shuffling Water, but likewise as a dishonest Man, and quite unworthy of any Protection.—Let Him gabble on, and tittle-tattle away his *Master's* Money, and his Reader's Time, in the Employment, which He hath undertaken, as an *Hackney Prostitute*; but his licentious Pen ought to be restrained from doing Violence to the *virtuous Dead*.—I grow warm, and am afraid that nothing I can say, however just and pathetick, can move Him, though every Body else will feel and be shock'd at his Crime; but a Man of such *Morals* is not to be touch'd. Let us leave Him then to the just Detestation of Mankind, and to that invidious Gratification, which a bad Mind may receive from reflecting on its own Guilt.

I design'd to have added some Considerations on the present State of Affairs; but having been diverted from it

at present, by this infamous Attack upon a *Gentleman*, who cannot now speak for Himself, I must defer my Thoughts upon that Subject to another Opportunity, and will conclude with expressing my Hopes and Assurances that no Provocation, Resentment, or Warmth of Opposition will ever induce you, Mr. D'Anvers, to violate the Laws of Humanity so far, as to pursue the worst of your *Adversaries* beyond the Grave, and insult their Memories, in the most cruel Manner, when They are call'd to Account before another Tribunal.—I am sure such an Attempt, if you were base enough to make it, would be treated with Abhorrence by every one of those *Gentlemen*, who are called your Friends, however Mr. Walsingham's *Patron* may think proper to encourage and reward Him for it.

I am, Sir, Yours, &c. A. B.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

A New COURT BALLAD.

To the Tune of, *There was a bonny Blade*.

I.
THE Country and the Town
Are all impatient grown,
Of our *Treaties* to know what will come, come, come;
But the Couriers of the Law
Keep us all in so much Awe,
That, in Mercy to our Ears, We are dumb, dumb, &c.

II.
Some ask us what was meant
By alarming of *Kent*,
With the terrible Sound of a Drum, Drum, Drum;
But all that I will say,
In the News-writing Way,
As behoves a wife Man, shall be Mum, Mum, Mum.

III.
About *Dunkirk* and *Gib*
Some Tongues run very glib,
And offer us to lay a round Sum, Sum, Sum,
That Spain means This and That,
And France the Lord knows what;
But still shall old Caleb be dumb, dumb, dumb.

IV.
Cries a factious Rogue, in Spleen,
What could Madam *Parma* mean,
For nothing at all to shew her Bum, Bum, &c.
But in a Lady's Case
An Author would be base,
If He did not on his Lips hold his Thumb, Thumb, &c.

V.
Cries another Malecontent,
When will *Danny Charles* be sent
With his bold *Spanish Troops* and a Drum, &c.
But still I'll not reply
To such Questions; no not I;
For I think it safer far to be dumb, dumb, &c.

VI.
There are many make a Mock
About this and t'other Stock,
And ask who hath got many a Plumb, Plumb, &c.
But for my fingle Part,
Let them ask with all my Heart,
For still shall my Answer be mum, mum, &c.

VII.
But should That e'er come to pass,
Which all honest Men, alas!
Have long, but in vain, wish'd might come, come, &c.
I'd soon alter my Name,
I would open my Throat,
And no more, gentle Reader, be dumb, dumb, &c.

Just Published,
Neatly printed in seven Volumes in 12mo,
The CRAFTSMAN; containing all the Papers, published under that Name from the first Beginning of them to the Conclusion of Mr. Oldcastle's Remarks, with an handsome Frontispiece and a compendious Index to each Volume. To the whole is prefix'd a Dedication to the People of England.
N. B. In this Edition are inserted several Tracts upon the Affairs of Europe, which have been well received, in order to make the Collection complete; particularly Mr. John Trot's Letter in Answer to the Defence of the Enquiry; the Short View of the State of Affairs in the Year 1729; the Treaty of Seville Examined; and the Case of the *Hessian Forces* in the Day of Great Britain; as well as several other smaller Pieces both in Prose and Verse.
Printed for R. F. SEXTON in R. St. Street, Covent-Garden.

LONDON, October 16.

Extract of a Letter from Barbados, August 23. In the Year 1729 the Pheasant, Captain Wilton, going from Barbados for South Carolina, was taken by a Spanish Guard Costa, and carried into Porto Rico, where contrary to the Justice and the Peace then subsisting between Great Britain and Spain, the Ship and Cargo were confiscated, for which no Satisfaction whatsoever hath yet been given to the Concerned.

In June last the said Wilton was going from Lisbon to Hamburgh, Master of a Ship called the Neptune, but being met by an Algerine Cruiser, which examining of her Pass, found it was not of the new Cut, (occasioned by the Length of Time she had been out of England), and therefore carried her to Algier, where her Cargo was condemned as a Prize, and confiscated, and the Ship rifled; but by the Interposition of the British Consul, she and her Crew were released, after having undergone many and great Hardships. The Dey of Algier granted a fresh Pass to the Ship, and gave the Master 2300 Dollars to go to Bonne and purchase a Lading of Corn on the said Dey's Account, sending also a Letter to the Governor of that Place to give her good Dispatch. On the 27th of August she sailed, and arrived at Bonne the 31 of September, three Days after which a French Man of War came there, and staid till the 10th. On the 18th, at three in the Morning, the Neptune sailed, with a Cargo which cost 2346 Dollars, which being more than the Money amounted to, the Captain drew a Bill on the Dey for the Deficiency. At 11 at Night the French Man of War ran a-long side of her, and bid her bring too, and hoist out her Boat and come on board, or they would sink her. They answered they were English; to which they replied, they knew it very well. Wilton desired to be excused, on Account of the bad Weather, adding, that it was Night, and he had a fair Wind. But the French declared, that they would sink her if they did not comply, and immediately fired a Shot, and presently firing again, carried away her Shrouds, which obliged her to lay too till Day-light, when the French Capt. Wilton on board in their Boat. The French Captain asked him where he was bound; he answered to Port Mahon. They told him he was a Prize, and fetched his Men and a Passenger on board them, and sent him on board his own Ship, where the French Officer tied him Hands and Feet, placed him on the Fore Castle, and wounded him in two or three Places, placed a Centinel over him, and would not allow him Bread or Water, broke open all her Lockers, and sent the Plunder on board the Man of War, which was a 20 Gun Ship, called the Seafare, Capt. Caylus. They carried her into Marseilles the 20th of Sept. O. S. took down her British Colours, and hoisted French.

The Pretence for taking her was, that the Place she loaded at is claimed as a Colony belonging to the French African Company.

Extract of a Letter from Gibraltar, dated Sept. 1. O. S. Sir Charles Wager was here a few Days, and took two Regiments on board his Squadron, with whom he proceeded for Barcelona. We hear that a Memorial was deliver'd to him, setting forth the unjust Proceedings of the Spaniards in taking Captain Jordan; and after an Order from Court for releasing him, they took Captain Kemp, and a Settee belonging to this Place, whose Money and their Cloaths they also took, because they were bound from one Part of Barbary to another, and had some Moors Passengers on board. The French Vessels now carry on a Trade from Tetuan to Oran, Algiers, Tunis, &c. which formerly was done by the English almost entirely. The Communication with Spain, both by Land and Sea, is prevented, though we much expected Sir Charles Wager's Arrival would have produced an Alteration; but fresh Orders are given, as we are informed, along the Coast as far as Malaga, to send Missions and other Artifices to the Spanish Camp before this Place, to complete their Works as soon as possible.

A few Days since a Blacksmith at Gravesend, who was the most considerable Man in that Business thereabouts, kill'd his Wife, and being carry'd before a Justice was committed to Maidstone Gaol. We hear that he and his Wife had been parted for some Time, and that he allowed her a separate Maintenance; during their Separation he set up an odd Sign, having a Woman painted on one Side with a Devil on her Back and a Snake at her Breast, with this Motto at the Bottom: *Full of Mischiefs*. On the other Side was painted a Woman washing the Black-moor, with this Motto at the Bottom: *Laveur in Vain*. One Day last Week he sent for her, intending, as was thought to be reconcil'd to her; when she came and was with him in the Room she apprehended some Mischief was design'd, and attempted to run away, upon which, as she was going out, he took a Piece that he had loaded with Shot, Hobnails, and Pieces of Iron, and shot her in the Shoulder and Breast, and she died in two or three Days after.

The Widow who kept the Angel and Crown in White-Chapel dying lately, left among her Children five Lottery Tickets, one of which was the first drawn, and so intitled to 500 l.

This Day about 50 Recruits, in the Savoy, will be shipped off for the Garrison of Port Mahon.

We learn from Paris, that the famous Affair of Father Girard and Mademoiselle Cadere is decided. The Lady had accus'd the Father of Inchantment, Rape, spiritual Incest, Abortion and Subornation of Witnesses. The Cause was to be decided by twenty four Judges; twelve of whom were for condemning Father Girard to be burnt alive, and twelve for acquitting him; but in Regard the Balance is always given, by the Laws of France, in Favour of the Party accus'd, he was acquitted; and they are both free from all Process, and at Liberty, without paying Coils.

By Letters from Gibraltar (which came by the Way of Cadiz) we have the following Account, That they had there executed five Sailors belonging to the William, Capt. Bennet, which Ship sailed from Lisbon the 7th of August last, bound for Genoa, having a considerable Quantity of Money on board. The Sailors rose, kill'd the Captain and his Wife and Servant, the Mate and his Wife, and a Passenger; after which they sunk the Ship in the Gut near Gibraltar, and taking the Money with them into the Boat, made for the Coast of Barbary, where they were taken and carried to Gibraltar, and there they met with their much deserved Fate.

They write from Buenos Ayres, the 11th of June last, That the Governor of that Place had fitted up the greatest Part of the Money out of the Wreck of the Sea Horse, Capt. Moore White, (which Ship was lost in the Mouth of the Rio de la Plata some Time ago, in her Voyage for London, on Account of the South Sea Company) but the Line was lost on board the Spanish Register Ship lately arrived at Cadiz, which is somewhat surprizing, several English Ships in the Service of the South Sea Company, being then in that River bound to London. No doubt the King of Spain has retained it, the Owners, having so lately been obliged in the Affair of the Salvage out of the Wreck of his Ship the Genesetely lost near Jamaica, where Treaties was carried directly to Cadiz, in the Adventure Man of War, Lord Muskerry Commander.

Sir Charles Wager's Squadron was at Barcelona the 7th Inst. N. S. impatiently waiting the Arrival of the Spanish Squadron.

Tuesday a Person was indicted at Guildhall, for making Shavings of Lead with burnt Silver, and selling the same for entire Silver, and was found guilty, and received Sentence to stand in the Pillory, and pay a Fine of 6s. and 8d.

On Saturday last Mr. Wenman, a Farmer at Wilden Green, was found dead on the Road from Edgeworth; it is supposed he was murdered by some Rogues, for when he was found his Pockets had been rifled.

The Marriage between the Lord John Russell and the Lady Diana Spencer was celebrated last Monday Night about Seven o'Clock at Mulborough House, St. James's; the Ceremony was performed by the Ld. Bishop of Sarum; after which a magnificent Supper was served up for the noble Company; there were in the Side-board two Ewers, each weighing 25 lb. Troy Weight, four large Cups, and two Porringers, all of massy Gold; and on the great Table, all the Dishes, Plates, the Forks, and Handles of the Knives, &c. were of massy Gold.

A Conge d'Elire is ord'rd to pass the Seals, on electing the Rev. Dr. Tanner into the Bishoprick of St. Asaph, void by the Translation of the Right Rev. Dr. Here to that of Chichester.

On Saturday last, about Eight in the Morning, the King, together with the Queen, Prince of Wales, the Duke, and the three eldest Princesses, went from Court to Old Windsor, where a Stag was unharboured, and ran but a short Chase in the great Park before it was kill'd. Major Selwyn, Equerry to her Majesty, and Mr. Account. Page of Honour to her Majesty, fell from their Horses, but got no Hurt; many others of lesser Note had also Falls, and a Youth, Son to one of the Huntsmen, broke his Neck and died on the Spot. The Royal Family returned between 12 and One o'Clock to Hampton Court.

Last Friday Se'night, at Newmarket, the Duke of Devonshire's Comical beat the Duke of Bolton's Yunker, the four Mile Course, for 300 Guineas.

The same Day Mr. Cotton's Grey Colt beat Mr. Henley's Bay Colt, for 200 Guineas.

Tuesday the Companies of his Majesty's Ships the Adventure, Portland, Romney, Looe, Seaford, Debford Lighter, and Southampton Hulk, were recalled at the Pay-Office in Broad-street; but the Books were not cleared and they will be recalled again next Month.

On Wednesday Morning the Duke of Lorraine arrived in London, and the next Day was conducted to Hampton Court.

Letters on Wednesday from Naples brought an Account of the Death of George Pratt, Esq; commonly call'd, Walking Webb.

On Thursday at Guildhall the Numbers 47916 and 51411 came up Prizes of 500 l. each.

Dead. A few Days ago died at the Bath, the Lady Carpenter, in a very advanced Age.—Last Saturday died at his Seat at Hadham in Hertfordshire, aged near 90, the Rev. Dr. Stanley, Dean of St. Asaph, Archdeacon of London, and one of the Canon Residentiaries of Saint Paul's. The former of which Preferments is in the Gift of the Bishop of St. Asaph, the next in the Bishop of

London, and the latter in his Majesty.—Thomas Isted, Esq; at his Seat at Northampton.—Mr. Beckford, at his fine Seat at Alden near Epfom in Surrey.—Mr. Reddal, Receiver of the Taxes for the County of Bedford.—His Son also, who was Under-Sheriff, died soon after.—Mr. Vernon, a noted Watchmaker at the Corner of Crane Court in Fleetstreet.—Last Tuesday about Noon died, after a very short Illness, Mr. Collins, an eminent and rich Wollen-draper in Ludgate-street.—Mr. Valentine Randall, one of his Majesty's Messengers in Ordinary.—The Hon. Major-General Charles Trelawny was buried on Friday the 8th of October at Pelynt in Cornwall, in the 78th Year of his Age.

Thursday South Sea Stock was 102 7 8ths. South Sea Annuity 108 7 8ths. Bank 145 1 qr. India 183 1 qr. Lottery Tickets 13 l. 18 s. Daily Chances 6 s. 20 l. Prizes 18 l. 16 s. Blanks 7 l. 1 s.

This is to give NOTICE,

To all half bred Trade-men, whose Consciences will allow Them to hazard their Creditors Money, and others of weak Understanding, who are willing to adventure their own, may by going into Charge-Alley have Permits to game for any Sum, paying only FORTY PER CENT for such Liberty.

From on Board the Good Intention Floating Light, near the New Sand, O.S. 10. 1751.

SIR,
Greaceable to my last to you, of the 13th of Sept. I st. and promise of mooring a larger Vessel than was before, and to satisfy some who are Well-wishers, and that none may have any Doubt or Fear of her being drove from her Anchors, I have this Morning moor'd a complete Vessel of about one hundred Tons, with new Cables, Anchors, and every Thing convenient, made on purpose for her Safety: And I hope this will give entire Satisfaction, and encourage all those brave Navigators that have already lent a helping Hand, by paying the small Charge desired, which are received in the Long Room in the Custom House; and those to pay, that have not yet, for defying the daily Exprence of this useful Undertaking; your further Favour in publishing this, is desired by
Sir, Your humble Servant,
ROBERT HAMBLIN.

JAMES WORSDALE, Face Painter,
Is removed from his Lodgings in Germain-street to his House in Marybone-street, Piccadilly the House formerly inhabited by the Duke of Leeds.
N. B. He hath also quitted his Apartments in Cornhill.

On Tuesday Sept. 21. between Seven and Eight in the Evening, a Coach took up a Gentleman to Tottenham, with a large Deal Box. At the Coachman or Porter who assisted in lifting or carrying the said Box, will come to Mrs. Hannah Garlick, at a Baker's in Milk-street, Cheapside, he or they so coming shall be handsomely gratified for their Trouble.

If W. G. will, without Delay, come to his Uncle, or send Word where he may be spoken with, he may depend upon being made easy; and Matters accommodated to Satisfaction.

This Day is Published,
The CASE of MARY KATHARINE CADIERE, against the Jesuit Father John Baptist Girard. In a Memorial presented to the Parliament of Aix; wherein that Jesuit is accused of seducing her, by the abominable Doctrines of Quietism, into the most criminal Excesses of Lewdness; and under an Appearance of the highest mystical Devotion, seducing into the same Vices six other Female Novaries who, like her, had put their Consciences under his Direction.

With a Preface by the Publisher, containing a short and plain Account of the Rules of proceeding according to the Laws of France in Cases of this Nature.

N. B. "The Six-penny Pamphlet published by T. Warner under this Title, is nothing but a Copy of what has been already printed in the Daily Post Boy, and contains only some ill-considered, mangled Scraps of the Original.—That printed for J. Chichey is just such another. But this is a full Account of that very strange and affecting Story, of the Method made use of by F. Girard, to seduce this young Lady, and several more; of the base Arts employed by him, and the whole Society of Jesuits, to ruin Miss Cadere's Complaints against him and to ruin her. Occasionally interspers'd with several other curious Histories, and the admirable Pleadings of her Advocate, the celebrated M. Chaudon.

It hath been advertised hitherto for 2s. but to oblige the Publick and to make some Compensation for delaying it so long, it will be sold by J. Roberts in Warwick-Lane, and by most of the Booksellers in Town and Country, for 1s. 6d. which is only half the Price of the French Original.

WHEREAS a great and lamentable Fire happened at 8 o'Clock near Cambridge, on Thursday the 30th of Septemb. last, whereby three fourths of the said Parish is laid in Ashes. This is to give Notice that if any Person or Persons should travel about as a Sufferer therein, all well-disposed Persons are desired to take Notice, He, She or They are Cheats and Deceivers; for all the Sufferers in the said Fire that are in present Want are taken Care of, and relieved by the large Contributions and Kindnesses of the University Town of Cambridge, and other neighbouring Towns in the said County, who have already sent great Sums of Money to the said Sufferers for their present Support, and will raise more till other Methods are taken.

Jacob Butler, } Church-Wardens.
Edward Preston, }
Peter Willington, } Overseers of the Poor.
James Rowland, }

SUSANNA SMITH, alias DILL,
Has been absent from her Friends these Four Months. She is a light, brown Woman, Pack-broken about her Nose, but she was bruised and very black when she went away, and two of her Fingers broke, and likewise two of her Ribs, being in a mean Habit; all done by a wicked Husband. All Persons that have any Knowledge of the aforesaid Susanna Smith, are intreated, if by any Accident they happen to see, or hear of her, to let her know that her Uncle, at the Sign of the Windmill, broken Crook, Westminster, will receive her with all the Love imaginable if she pleases to come home. She is at Years of Age next St. Andrew's Day.